

# Good 778 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## A First Smile for Sto. John Moore

YES, Stoker John Moore, chappie it would be a surprise here she is, your brand new to us. Baby daughter, Hazel, with your wife and three-year-old son pleased as Punch because John—we nearly said "baby" he thought—quite rightly—that someone had come to see him. We talked to your wife herself told us most emphatically that he is no longer a good enough for John; we ought to have been chatting to him.

Your wife would have liked the photograph taken outside a cosy little bungalow, but then had she had the children snapped outside a new home, she fears you would have eyes only for the home!

Lily was at the Welfare Centre when we called at No. 617, Princess-road, Withington, but her brother Eric, who was spending an afternoon of his precious leave catching up on his "fan mail," entertained us until she arrived back.

Hazel she says, has gained 6ozs. in a fortnight, while John could only manage 2 ozs. Nevertheless, it doesn't seem to worry him. Indeed, if anything were to worry that little

He trotted into the dining room pleased as Punch because John—we nearly said "baby" he thought—quite rightly—that someone had come to see him. We talked to your wife herself told us most emphatically that he is no longer a good enough for John; we ought to have been chatting to him.

John had a look round the garden the other day, and decided he didn't like the colour of the flowers. So without further ado he "outs" 'em. Yes, all the lot. That was great fun—until Grandpa came home from work and found the blitzed garden. Ouch!

Lily received your greetings wire for September 23, John, for your wedding anniversary. Oh yes, and a card too. She asked us to tell you that she has been on an under-the-counter scrounge to try and buy something but her luck was out, so she is going to wait until you can go with her. Good luck.

The commander, while laughing at his suspicions, agreed, and two men were posted outside the inn.

Originally, the scared diplomat had intended to travel on to Hamburg late in the afternoon, but he changed his mind and postponed his journey until well after nightfall.

He probably argued that there was less likelihood of Napoleon's spies being abroad after dark.

He remained at the inn, writing and burning papers, until seven o'clock, when he dismissed his guard and called for his carriage. He stood outside the inn watching the horses being put along the roads and to towns in the shafts and his baggage and villages on the route—but all without result.

On the afternoon of November day in 1809, Bathurst, travelling under an assumed name, came to an inn in

North Germany, situated near the gates of a small town.

It was a riddle that kept the courts of Europe busy in the earlier part of the last century and one which is unsolved to this day, though a discovery about it was made a century after it was first made.

Mr. Bathurst was a diplomat and well-known man-about-town in the London of 1808.

Sent to Vienna to persuade the Austrians to declare war on Napoleon, he not only succeeded in his mission, but earned the bitter enmity of the French dictator.

So much so that he went in fear of his life when it became necessary for him to return to England.

In order to avoid spies Napoleon might set along his path, he chose for his journey the indirect route through Berlin and Hamburg rather than the quickest way through French territory.

On the afternoon of November day in 1809, Bathurst, travelling under an assumed name, came to an inn in

the gates of a small town.

Having lunched, he paid a visit to the commander of the military garrison of the town to leave. As he could not be found, it was inferred that he had gone off on some minor matter and would be back soon.

It was not for some time that it was realised that something unusual had happened, and this was many hours before the commander of the garrison was informed of the strange affair.

The Commander, when told of the disappearance caused a sensation in London.

The Government advertised a reward of £1,000 for any information leading to the solution of the mystery.

The vanishing diplomat's family made a similar offer, and another sum was promised by the Prussian court.

Many people set about trying to win the rewards, but, despite continued investigation, no facts of any worth ever came to light to explain the affair.

Then, on a winter's day in 1910, woodcutters in the forest of Quitznow, near the place where the breeches were found, came across a

poor woman, gathering sticks in a nearby wood, discovered a pair of breeches. There were two bullet holes in them, and in one pocket a piece of paper with writing on it. The find was taken to the authorities.

The breeches were identified as belonging to Mr. Bathurst, and the paper was a letter, half-finished, scratched in pencil, stating that if the writer did not reach England his death would be due to a certain French count.

But a curious point about the bullet holes in the breeches was that there was no bloodstain around them.

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# IN SHARK GULF

FOR a score of years there was tackle, the other was to make a call seemed to have swallowed Tom was a boat he hadn't seen before. The only one man living in on Robert Herron, the attorney. Bevey, as it has swallowed hundreds George rose and walked down the beach. His gulf was looking

Shark Gulf, which is not so much Herron was a middle-aged man of others.

a gulf as it is a cove; one of the who had been in Trinidad all his life, and he alone knew the secret woman who ever set foot in Shark heat had brought to life everything

sunlit, sparkling coves of Monos. The old Spaniards named the the that George Perry kept close Gulf. She was the attorney's that was capable of living.

island Monos when they sailed within his brain. For these twenty daughter. She knew how Old

the Main, for they found there a years George had been seeking his George was eating out his heart Down to the water's edge, where younger man.

species of monkey which is now nephew, the son of his sister, for his nephew, and when she came hidden caves abounded, worn by

extinct; and it is more than who had disappeared from his up in a native boat to visit George the ceaseless action of the surf, slowly.

There are all kinds of sharks This sister had been the wife she and he would sit and talk cereus. It crawled over the brown

Trinidad—at least, there were all both she and her husband had died rocks with gigantic, hairy legs of green, just like an enormous you. It will explain better than

kinds until old George Perry went when their son, Tom Bevey, over to the gulf and began to kill was still a mere child.

George had not seen his nephew

since the latter was a tiny thing in frocks, and when he went to call

on his sister he was told that she

had been dead many years, and

her son was running wild up and down the Spanish Main.

Old George went down to

Trinidad and put the matter

in the hands of the attorney,

with instructions to trace Tom

Bevey, and bring him up to

Shark Gulf, and the attorney

had promised to do his best.

"When you find him," said Old

alone in the gulf, warring against George, "just you tell him that

the sharks. He fought them with there's a fine stretch of beach and

a rod and line, and when a load of a house and plenty of fishing,

shark liver came down to Trinidad and all that need make a man

in the native boats the dealers happy, waiting for him. It's his

bought the liver and made it when I kick off. I want to keep

into "cod" liver oil; and the my sister's boy right and make up

people who saw the load coming for my neglect."

ashore murmured to each other "It's a hard job, George,"

and smiled and said: "Good old replied Herron, "but I'll do my

George is the greatest shark- best. I'll advertise for him, and

ask skippers to make inquiries.

But George, not knowing the

great reputation he had acquired,

Just went on killing more sharks.

He came down to Port of Spain Bevey did not come. He had been

about once a year, and on those traced to the Leeward Islands, towards his beach. It was not the the youngster leaped out. After

occasions his visits were short, then down to Chile, but there the boat which usually came for the him came the other, an older man,

shark livers; it was a bigger more heavy in movement, but also

only. One reason was to renew his The big world south of Panama vessel, almost a schooner. This a sailor, judging from his action.

## The Master of the Horse

THE office of the Master of the Horse is one of the six most important in the King's Household, the others being the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, the Comptroller of the Household, the Vice-Chamberlain, and the Treasurer of the Household.

The present holder of the office is the Duke of Beaufort, late of the Royal Horse Guards, and one of the largest landowners in the country with about 52,000 acres. He was appointed in 1936.

The office goes back far into British history. Ever since the Norman Conquest, the horse has been the recognised form of conveyance for the Sovereign and the great majority of English kings have taken a great interest in horses.

It is natural that a special officer should have been appointed charged with ensuring that the King had good horses to ride and to draw his carriages. It was not until the 17th century, however, that the carriage became the recognised form of conveyance.

When Queen Elizabeth rode in State to St. Paul's Cathedral she went not in a carriage but riding pillion.

The coming of motoring brought great changes, of course. The Master of the Horse took over the duties of supervising the King's cars as well as his horses.

These cars are maroon, upholstered in Royal blue leather. Except for one or two special fittings they are of standard design.

The King took over the considerable fleet of cars owned by his father when he moved to Buckingham Palace, and has since added a number. The two State cars do not carry number plates, but the cars for ordinary use have number plates like any other.

The motor car has not, of course, altogether ousted the famous Royal bays, although there are not now so many as in the last century, when a State procession might call for twelve or more carriages, each drawn by six perfectly matched bays.

The King's horses have to be specially trained not to take any notice of the cheering crowds that invariably line a Royal procession route.

The Master of the King's horse does not officially deal with the King as owner of racehorses. This development came long after the Master of the Horse was an important official in the Royal Household. To-day the King has his own trainer and other experts to advise on racing.

J.M.M.

They landed safely, and the crew trim bungalow and the garden tumbled out after them and which spread on either side. hauled the boat beyond the Shark Gulf was more than a breakers. pretty cove just then—it was a

The two men who landed first paradise. They walked up towards old George. "You boys sit there while I

The younger one had in his hand get you somethin' to eat," cried old George when they reached a long envelope.

"Are you George Perry, sir?" steps of the bungalow. "No, you're not to help, Tom, at your first meal here. Lemme have the

Old George rubbed his beard as he scrutinised the not unhand- pride of laying a welcome spread, some face and strong frame of the my boy. Maybe when you and I

are alone you can do as you like, but just lemme show you what I can't speak. There's twenty years

"Then this is for you, sir. Mr. welcome inside me, Tom."

Herron, the attorney at Port of Spain, asked me to deliver it to the two sat down on the chairs

of green, just like an enormous you. It will explain better than which he brought out to them.

The clatter of plates came to their ears as old George hustled about in his kitchen.

The smaller man leaned over to his companion and nudged him with his elbow.

"He's taken to yuh, boy! He's swallowed it, hook an' all. The rest will be easy."

"Yes, he's taken to me," muttered the other. "And you've got to behave yourself, Scripp."

"Come off the perch," grinned Scripp, as he started to roll a cigarette.

(Continued on Page 3)

## Out of the blue came an Old Seaman's dream

They had made up their minds that he would be a fine, stalwart, straight boy. George thought he would have dark hair. Maisie voted for fair with blue eyes.

George, not knowing whether the boy's father had dark hair or fair, couldn't settle the discussion; but he had his dream that if only Tom would come to Shark Gulf he would fall in love with Maisie.

With the gulf for an estate and Maisie for a wife, nothing more could be wanted by any young fellow.

But Old George didn't tell Maisie about his dream in that direction.

The day after Maisie had paid one of her visits to him, George, man appear on the foredeck, he sitting at the door of his bungalow, smothered the idea that had come

became aware of a small fishing to him.

As the boat touched the sand

shark livers; it was a bigger more heavy in movement, but also

only. One reason was to renew his The big world south of Panama vessel, almost a schooner. This a sailor, judging from his action.

## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



5. What occupations did (a) Cain, (b) Abel, follow?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 26, 53, 61, 17, 62, 71, 35.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 777

1. Stoolball.

2. Bulgaria.

3. 615.

4. Captain.

5. Devon, Dorset, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Surrey, Kent.

6. Circle is a curved figure; others are straight-line figures.

## Wangling Words No. 716

1. Behead some pages and get part of a building.
2. Insert the same letter 5 times and make sense of: Seaklainlytoimortanteole.
3. What river in Africa can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He — out the groceries and — them on the shelves in the cellar.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 715

1. B-ORE.
2. Decide definitely what to do to-day.
3. TAY.
4. Stud, dust.

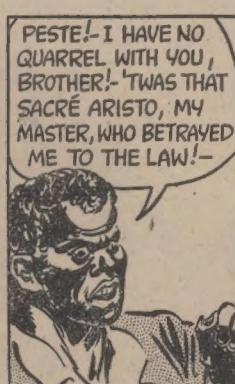
## JANE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Stagger, 5 Reel, 9 One, 10 Gap, 11 Wood, 12 Strict, 14 Railing, 16 Foot trouble, 17 Flesh food, 18 Pronoun, 19 Schoolmaster, 21 Landscape, 23 Indigenous ones, 25 Woman, 28 Tribe, 29 Precious stone, 30 Man servant, 32 State of Brazil, 33 Mineral, 34 Birds, 35 Take note, 36 Packed tightly, 37 Remains.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Slow music, 2 Agreement, 3 Document, 4 Portable trough, 5 Speaks ill of, 6 Not, 7 Spiny plants, 8 Lengthen, 13 Visitor, 15 Arab governor, 17 Sweetheart, 19 Volary, 20 Poetic maiden, 22 Quote as instance, 24 Conscious, 26 Wet, 27 Flat pieces, 29 Hop kiln, 30 Promise, 31 Guided, 32 Vehicle.

## WORDS FAIL HIM

chilling fears that rule my heart in the turns, I should need no other wits, powers of utterance to reveal the ness than this paper, to evince the purity and ardour of that flame your charms have kindled in my heart. But alas! expression wrongs my love. I am inspired with conceptions that no language can convey!

Suffer me, then, lovely arbitress of my fate, to approach your person, to breathe in soft murmurs my passion to your ears, to offer the sacrifice of a heart overflowing with the most genuine and disinterested love, to gaze with ecstasy upon the divine object of my wishes, to hear the music of her enchanting tongue, to rejoice in her smiles of approbation—and banish the most intolerable suspense from the bosom of

Your enraptured  
R—R—  
T. Smollett (1721-1771).  
From "The Adventures of Roderick Random."



"I don't care, 'e's not to be humoured! 'e's gotta get used to sleepin' alone."

## People are Queer

THERE have been many stories of what happened to various people in the various Allied countries on VE day and VJ Day. Some merely ended up in a police court next morning with a splitting headache and a resolution to sign the pledge.

The story I like best is of a man at Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A. He was buying something in a small shop when the good news was shouted down the street.

The shop-keeper was so excited that he rushed out to join in the whoopee, but being a careful man, locked the shop door behind him.

For a day and a half the customer tried to get out, and couldn't. His cries were not heard in the tumult raging outside, and it was not until the middle of the second night that a policeman heard him and broke down the door to let him out.

MRS. Daisy Georgina Court, of Wyndham Street, Marylebone, has just died for the second time. During an operation in 1922 she collapsed and died, but breathing was restarted by manipulation. Her new lease of life lasted for twenty-three years.

The other day she suddenly slipped from her chair and died immediately, and permanently.

D. N. K. B.

## CROSS-WORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.—1 CUBIC FIG OPUS SOWED WIDEN VILLA NAG SCENTED NETWORK Z SOLOZ LOSE T PRECEPT INDIANA ARP REACT TOQUE INSET PUMA ELK DONEET

Good  
Morning



TRUE BEAUTY—and holding the place of honour in the G.M. office. Gentlemen, we present the Editor's very special pin-up girl, fresh-as-a-breeze, talented JEANNE CRAIN.